

You Are Worthy Cas

by masterjediratgrl31

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Summary: Spoilers for Season 11! Dean tries his best to convince Cas to expel Lucifer, but he's horrified to learn that Cas doesn't want to leave for reasons he hope he can make right.

## You Are Worthy Cas

\*\*So as we all know, the newest episode came out last week. And broke us all in two, so much Destiel and so much pain. Gah they better fix this pretty damn quick! I hate how much they use Cas as a punching bag! Okay, rant over, this is for my best friend Crowley'sMooseSquirrel'sAngel :D \*\*

"Cas, expel him! You gotta kick him out!" Dean screamed, the roar of the power around him rendering him almost deaf. They had one opportunity to do this, according to Crowley and Rowena, who were currently cowering behind him. And Sam, Sam was just silent.

"Dean, Dean, Dean" Lucifer purred, "Do you really, in that oh, let's just say, smaller than average mind, think that he even wants to come back? Hell! I'm giving him everything he wants! Do you know what that is?"

Dean found himself choking on an answer, mouth opening and closing like a fish, "What the fuck does that mean?" was all he could muster.

"Ooooh, it's truly pathetic, even I felt sorry for the poor sap, you know what he's doing in here?" he rounded a finger over his heart, lower lip bit between his teeth, "You wanna guess?"

Dean swallowed, trying everything in his power not to lunge forward, "Just let 'em go! He doesn't deserve this!"

"Doesn't deserve this?" Lucifer mocking Dean's tone as he jutted out his chin, "That's a new concept isn't it, you still haven't let me

answer the questionâ€|this angel, this fall from grace, not too different from myself I might add, his 'happy place' is in your bunker. Your kitchen, watching a tv with rabbit ears...that is the bare minimum of entertainment. \_Bare minimum. \_And that is his happy place, you bastard. That is what you have done to your precious angel. I didn't even have to fight him," he laughed, "It was child's play!"

"Cas! I know you can hear me!" Dean shouted, fists clenches at his side, "Don't let Lucifer make you think that bullshit is real!"

"I don't have to do much convincing," Lucifer smirked, "I only have to show him a shiny, pretty picture and he eats it up, which, let's talk about how that shows how you treat him? He's like your baby right? Oh, don't think I can't see that, you two love sick souls reaching out to each other, it's nauseatingâ€|that's what makes this all the worse, don't ya think?"

"Castiel," Dean growled, knowing his full name would possibly be enough to get attention, "I don't care what he's saying to you, whatever the fuck it might be, you need to get back here. I need you, Sam needs you, and it's not because of some apocalypse shit or Amaraâ€|weâ€|I meanâ€|I need you. Cas I \_need\_ you. I should have told you years agoâ€|." Dean was panting, heaving, and fear and sudden desperation was making the words bubble and clog in his throat. Any other time he would stop and make some excuse as to what he was feeling, make some stupid joke and bury it down, "Whatever Lucifer is giving you right nowâ€|what you wantâ€|what you needâ€|I wanna give that to you. I should have taken care of you after that fucking spell that Rowena cast on youâ€|you should have had a week of lying around doin' nothing and with me by your side. I shouldn't've been off on hunts, should have been there with you waitin' on you, hand and foot. Fuck Cas, I've wanted to do that for you for ages but I wasn't sure you felt the same way. I'll do that now, Cas, Castielâ€|" he breathed, and without warning he could see the fight commencing.

And then Cas was there, Lucifer pushed monetarily to the side, "Deanâ€|you can't promise thatâ€|" and he jerked, head snapping back.

"Cas! No! Please Stay with me! Cast him out, please, please, I'm so fucking stupid I should have said this forever ago, please don't do thisâ€|we'll find another way!" he bravely moved forward, past the flames and he could feel them licking at his flesh. He didn't even hesitate as it seemed to be the most honest and perfect thing to do, he took Cas' face in his hands and full on kissed him without any other words, warm and wet and perfect. And he didn't back off, he kept kissing, and then soon he felt the lips reciprocating, soft warm tongue against his own and then he was looping arms around Cas' waist and drawing him closer, "Cas, Casâ€|pleaseâ€|."

Cas' blue eyes were peering into Dean's with such fear and conviction, "Deanâ€|"

"Cast him out baby, cast him out," Dean whispered, "I'm here, I'll be here, I promise, cast him out. Fuckâ€|I love you, cast him out!"

There was a flash of light that blinded Dean so much so he almost

collapsed, but he held fast to the man before him, he held onto him almost painfully.

Dean caught him, gathered him into his arms as he collapsed to the ground with a muffled scream, the flames around them but a memory, "Cas! Talk to me, please!"

"Dean," Cas mumbled in his signature graveled wrecked voice.

"Oh fuck, God, it's you, it's you isn't it?" Dean near sobbed.

"Yes, it's me," Cas replied in his monotone voice.

Dean was crying, and he didn't care who saw it, he gathered Cas into his arms, cradling him carefully for a moment, rocking him, face buried in his neck.

"Did you mean it?" Cas kind of slurred.

"Mean what?" Dean cried.

"That you love me, that you need me," Cas murmured.

>"Yes Cas," Dean choked, "God, I need you, don'tâ€|" he couldn't verbalize, trying to take a breath, "Casâ€|I don't wanna fuck around anymore."<p>

"What do you mean?" Cas started.

Dean didn't even speak, he took Cas' face in his hands and kissed him roughly, "This is what I mean, what I should have meant fucking years ago."

Cas' eyes pooled, "Deanâ€|"

But he couldn't speak, because Dean was kissing once more so deeply he found himself breathless and panting, "Deanâ€|"

"No, you shouldn't have ever doubtedâ€|anything that I thought about youâ€|that I loved youâ€|that you had to have the fucking devil trick you into happiness." Dean was crying and he wouldn't admit it but he was, "Casâ€|I never wanted you to be a sacrificeâ€|and I only wanted to give you thisâ€|dinners, and movies, and just, me holding youâ€|.me holding youâ€|" he locked eyes with Cas, "You get that?"

Cas swallowed hard but nodded.

"I need you here, now, always, it isn't some fucking job. It's all the time, you make me whole, it's not part time, it's all the time. I love you, get that?"

Cas bit at his lips, the last couple weeks feeling like a dream, that Lucifer wanted him to feel, "Yes, I get that, I love you too Dean."

"Are you staying?" Dean asked, eyes wide.

"Yes, butâ€|the Darknessâ€|"

"Fuck that shit, we'll figure that out. Cas, baby," Dean kissed him

once more, "We'll figure it out."

And for moment it didn't matter, the Darkness, Amara. Neither one seemed to be even remotely aware of the audience behind them. And as they left the warehouse, Dean was surprised that Sam didn't say a word about the entirety of the incident. The only thing he did do was pull Cas into an awkward hug, gave a soft smile and retreated into the hallway to his room.

After that Dean grabbed Cas by the wrist and wrangled him into his bedroom, pushing him to the bed. Cas opened his mouth to protest, "Just rest, please," Dean argued, all the while removing Cas' shoes and socks, shirt and pants.

"Dean," Cas began, and yes he was tired despite his arguments.

"No," Dean snapped, pulling Cas to the bed, "We'll deal with this shit later, let's just sleep. I know when your mojo is low, that means you can sleep, so come on."

Cas complied, knowing yes, after his ordeal that he could sleep. He was utterly exhausted. Dean gathered him close to his chest, fingers carding through his hair. He found himself curling into Dean, and in his weakened state, clutching to Dean that might have been painful but he didn't care. All he could focus on was the peppering of kisses in his hair and the arms around his waist holding him close.

\*\*Please leave a review! They are lovely and make my day :D\*\*

End  
file.